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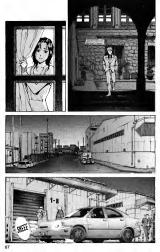
















































































































































































































































































































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AFTERWORD

Let's think about crying this time

around. There are planty of forms of crying— "bawing," "sobbing," "manly teers," "crocodile tears," "crying consell to sively," at cetars, at cetars—but in every case it makes the viewer uncomfortatio, indeed, you immediately want to

esk, "What's wrong?"

Why are you cryng?" "Because I fell down ... because The journ's hot ... because The journers a loury marking heat ... because of the beauty someone's beauty hand is prinching me ... because of the

oil the time anymore. Even when you're sad. you're supposed to hold back the tears. We have to transfer that giving into something elas. Ike a guitar. Those "tearful phrases," you know? Maybe all the mothers of the world treasfer their crying into the sounds their outting boards make as they alice radishes. Even fathers cry., with their backs. Your father's back in the middle of the night with the fridge door half open, seting a ham sandwich. Seriously capable of crying. Bartendere meke "weeping cocktails," end when customers drink them they say, "Ahl It's the flavor of tears!" Eccentric oids pelled by the rein say, "The sky is crying . . . in my plecel" . . . I guess. Anyway, grown-ups don't cry! "Find a substitute!" they say. So accordingly, me being a mange artist, I have to trensfer my "crying" into my works. Where a guitarist "chokes" his strings. I could go wild with the nib of my psn. Where a gu tarist edds "vibreto," I could let my ince on shelp. I'd be trying to express a kind of "bluesy-ness," but my woeful reeders would just say, "This guy's ert has kinde pons to hell letaly." So then I could try surreptibously dripping

real teers onto the original art, but I'd get, "Hey,

you amulged the tax harel Fix. It with some liquid paper, "from my eddor: It wouldn't store. So I could by to sepaces. It through my cheesdan. I could start by derwing a girl with her eyether. I could start by derwing a girl with her eyether. I could start by derwing a girl with her eyether. Next, I caw hor shoulden twenture, Oth Aram't hoss Cluppins agent Pleas. I put a come tears welling up in her eyes, and—hery lifty's she taking off the collabora! I give her a word if give her was one that says, "Oth, buty! "Oth other more!", and because the own the reactify dood.

-Hiroki Endo March 28, 2002

"Hiroki Endo's Eden is a demonstration of what science fiction can offer when thoughtfully engaging the world rather than just offering tired parables



America's post-pandemic future, Hiroki Endo (Tangenshu) offers up a complex tale of obsession and revenge. Eliah's on the hunt for Pedro, a sadistic thug, and he seeks help from the Automater, a cyborg crime boss who has fallen victim to the deadly Closure virus. As the Automater recounts Pedro's rise to power, a

complicated web of deceit, passion, and violence unfolds. This collection is translated into English but oriented in a right-to-left reading format, as originally published.







